

## HINTON'S FURNITURE STOCK

Is the largest, newest  
and best assorted. The  
range of

## LOW PRICES

makes it possible to  
supply the wants of  
any buyer.

## The New Spring Designs

are now ready for in-  
spection.

J. T. Hinton.

Jas. S. Wilson & Bro.

Bank Row, North Side  
Court House.

## Vehicle Talk:

There is not a more complete or handsomer stock of vehicles of every description in Kentucky than we are offering for your inspection now. It comprises everything, in the most liberal sense of the word. We wish to call special attention to our stock of **DEPOT WAGONS**, **OPEN WAGONS** and **STANHOPEES**. It will pay you to call and inspect them.

## Rubber Tires:

In this advanced age no vehicle is complete without RUBBER TIRES. We have the latest improved machines for putting on the Hartford and Goodyear 2-Wire tire. No more coming off. Riding will be made a comfort to you and your vehicle will last twice as long. Come in and investigate.

## Farm Wagons:

All the best makes, such as **STUDEBAKER**, **MITCHELL**, **OWENSBORO** and **OLDS**.

## Farm Implements:

This department is well stocked. You can find everything that the farmer needs in this line. **Vulcan Plows**, **Deering Harvesters**, **Etc.** And we want to call your special attention to the **Tornado Disc Harrow**; there is no better harrow on the market.

## Field Seeds:

You need look no further for anything you need in the seed line. Just tell us what you want and we have it. We have also Seed Sowers of every make.

J. S. WILSON & BRO.

## CAN YOU GUESS?

Here's a Chance to Make  
Ten Dollars Easy.

All You Have to Do Is to Pick the  
Winners In the Coming  
Primary.

Just for the interest attached to a guessing contest and to put a little more interest into the coming campaign for County officers, THE NEWS will give its readers a chance to make ten dollars and have a little fun at guessing on the side.

To the person making the first nearest correct guess of the winners in the Democratic Primary Election which will be held in this county on Saturday, June 1st, 1903, THE NEWS will present a ten dollar gold piece. The conditions of the contest are simple. Old subscribers and new subscribers who pay \$2 on their subscriptions will each be entitled to a guess, and to as many guesses as they pay year's subscription. If no one guesses correctly, the first one who guesses the closest to all the winners will receive the ten dollars.

You intend to pay your subscription anyway, and you may as well pay before the first day of June and have a chance of getting your money back, besides gaining the distinction of knowing more about the political situation than your neighbors.

Each guess will be registered when received as to the exact day, hour and minute. No one will be permitted to see how any one else has guessed. In guessing only the offices on the ballot are to be considered.

## GUESSING BALLOT.

Representative.....

Judge.....

Attorney.....

Sheriff.....

Clerk.....

School Supt.....

Assessor.....

Jailer.....

Surveyor.....

Coroner.....

Name of Subscriber.....

P. O. Address.....

Date Rec'd.....

Reg. No.....

For list of candidates see the announcement columns of THE NEWS. Cut out the above ballot, fill it in, enclose it and two dollars in envelope and mail to

## THE BOURBON NEWS,

Blank ballots may be had at THE NEWS office if you do not wish to cut your paper.

N. B. Subscribers who have already paid their subscriptions to 1903 are entitled to a guess. Cut out the coupon and mail to this office stating as near as possible the date subscription was paid. The contest opens Friday morning, February 15, 1903.

Shoes that please in style, fit and price, are what the purchaser wants. All these guaranteed at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig.

## Burlington Route—Great Train Service.

No. 41, at 9 a. m., from St. Louis for Kansas City and entire Northwest, to Puget Sound and Portland, with connections at Lincoln, Neb., from Chicago and Peoria—"The Burlington-Northwestern Pacific Express."

For Denver and the Pacific Coast via scenic Colorado, two fast trains daily, from St. Louis or Chicago.

For St. Paul, Minneapolis and Northwest, several trains daily from Chicago and St. Louis; "The finest Trains in the World." Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

To Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, two trains daily from St. Louis or Chicago.

California Excursions in through tourist sleepers, personally conducted, from St. Louis and Chicago every Wednesday evening; also from Chicago every Monday evening; the route is via Denver, scenic Colorado, Salt Lake City.

The Best Line; the best equipped trains in the West.

Write for matter descriptive of any contemplated journey through the West.

W. M. SHAW, D. P. A., 406 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

L. W. WAKELEY, Gen'l Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

HOWARD ELLIOTT, General Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

Engene J. Hall, poet and publisher, says that one dose of Foley's Honey and Tar restored his voice when hoarseness was about to prevent his lecture at Central Music Hall, Chicago. Nothing else as good. Clark & Kenney.

"I had a running sore on my leg for seven years," writes Mrs. Jas. Forest, of Chippewa Falls, Wis. "I spent hundreds of dollars in trying to get it healed. Two boxes of Banner Salve entirely cured it. No other salve so healing." Clark & Kenney.

The most soothing, healing and anti-septic application ever devised is De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It relieves at once and cures piles, sores, eczema, and skin diseases. Beware of imitations. W. T. Brooks.

## NOTICE.

To My Customers: I have rented W. B. Woodford's Shop, and will be more fully prepared than ever before to do all kinds of repairing, both in wood and iron, vehicles overhauled and painted. Horse shoeing a specialty. All work sent to my shop will receive my personal attention. Custom kindly solicited. J. HARRISON DAVIS, General Smith.

## Fears He Killed Gen. Jackson.

Frank S. Rosenthal, a rich, hide and wool dealer of Carrollton, Mo., has been haunted ever since the Civil War by the thought that he was probably the man that fired the shot at Chancellorville which killed Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, and he declares he would give his entire fortune to be certain that it was not his bullet that caused the death of the great Confederate commander. Mr. Rosenthal served throughout the war with the Louisiana Tigers, one of the most noted regiments in the old Stonewall brigade, and he and S. Solomon, of Macon, Ga., are the sole survivors of the picket guard which fired on Gen. Jackson that fatal night.

In telling the story of his part in the terrible tragedy which deprived the Confederate army of its great military genius, Mr. Rosenthal says that he and twenty other members of the Louisiana Tigers were sent out on the picket line with instructions from Gen. Jackson himself to let nobody through, counter-sign or no counter-sign. Previous to this order the countersign, "I don't know," had been agreed on and was communicated to the staffs and guard details. The pickets had not been on duty very long before they saw a body of men riding along the lines. The challenge was given and the reply, "I don't know," rang out. Then the horsemen started through the lines and nine of the guards, according to instructions, sent a volley after them. Three bullets went true to their mark and Gen. Jackson received the wound which caused his death.

Although only fifty-eight years old, Mr. Rosenthal stoops as he walks and complains of constant pain. He declares, however, that it is not the weight of Yankee lead that has been carrying around with him that makes him appear prematurely old, but that it is the thought of that terrible night which has preyed on his mind ever since his youth.

## The Rambler

Count Boni de Castellane, who is known in this country as the man who married Jay Gould's daughter, slipped an editor in Paris the other day. Boni seems to be a fighter, and, without regard to French pronunciation, is the Boni-partie of to-day.

Be it understood that it was not a Paris, Ky., editor who was slapped. If it had been, by this time Boni wouldn't have any use for his wife's millions.

One Samuel Empty, of Illinois, went home the other night and proceeded to reduce the furniture of his dwelling to kindling wood, but was halted in his mad career by the appearance of the police. Empty was evidently full.—Lexington Herald.

"It must have been easier to turn to tively, as he picked her up off of the ice for the eighth time.

"Why?" he asked.

"They were bustles in those days," and she sighed as though she were suffering.

Mack Brooks took a trip to Cincinnati last week, and met with an experience from which he has not yet fully recovered. He was seated in a Fourth street cable car, when the car turned suddenly into Central Avenue, and as it swung suddenly round the corner a pretty girl who has been dangling to a strap for several minutes lost her hold and landed gracefully upon Mack's lap.

"I beg your pardon," she said, her cheeks tinging on a rose-colored tint.

"Keep your seat," replied Mack; "the pleasure is mine."

Report of Louisiana tobacco market: Total sales for the week were 4,473 hogsheads, of which 3,294 were of the 1900 crop. Owing to the cold weather the receipts and sales have been much smaller than usual at this season of the year. Tobacco is being sold as fast as it comes in, as there are no stocks. Prices have been very satisfactory and continue 50 cents to \$1 higher on all grades. Cigarette tobacco is very scarce and in great demand. The highest price of the season was reached for a hogshead of this type on Thursday, when \$17.75 was paid by the American Tobacco Company. Good red manufacturing kinds are strong; red tips are also very strong. The market is in a very clean, healthy condition.

For a good clean shave and an up-to-date hair cut call at Tom Crawford's new barber shop, located in the old post-office stand. No long waits. (tf)

## MASTER'S SALE

Report of Louisville tobacco market: Total sales for the week were 4,473 hogsheads, of which 3,294 were of the 1900 crop. Owing to the cold weather the receipts and sales have been much smaller than usual at this season of the year. Tobacco is being sold as fast as it comes in, as there are no stocks. Prices have been very satisfactory and continue 50 cents to \$1 higher on all grades. Cigarette tobacco is very scarce and in great demand. The highest price of the season was reached for a hogshead of this type on Thursday, when \$17.75 was paid by the American Tobacco Company. Good red manufacturing kinds are strong; red tips are also very strong. The market is in a very clean, healthy condition.

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## Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent, who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company. When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policy holders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

Vehicles For Sale at Auction.

On Monday, April 1st, (court-day), we will offer at public auction our entire stock of vehicles, consisting of phaetons, buggies, carts, and some second-hand buggies and barouches.

Terms made known on day of sale.

J. W. HOLLIDAY CARRIAGE CO.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

## WHILE HE WAITED.

The clock upon the mantel stand;  
It ticks, and so I know it's going.  
But as to speed its gilded hands  
Don't make a very rapid showing.

My lady's maid an age ago—  
Said she would be down in a second;  
I'd give my little just to know  
Exactly how her time is reckoned!

The thing is pretty of its kind;  
Two chubbily loves support its dial.  
One looks as though she'd just found  
Supports me in this present trial.

Perhaps by her fair hand 'tis wound;  
I wonder this while I linger.  
My lady can—that, too, I've found—  
Wind me around her little finger.

She knows it, too; I'll bet a dime  
Her purpose is to keep me guessing.  
It seems I'm only marking time,  
Whereas I thought I was progressing.

Time! That is why this clock is set—  
To mind us of the moments fleeting.  
But time completely I forget  
From the sweet moment of our meeting.

Tick, tick, the tiny pendulum;  
Click, click, her foot heels, oak and leather;  
Thump, thump my heart! I know she'd come—  
All three now keeping time together.

—Chicago Record.

## A Cure For Loneliness

BY W. R. ROSE

The air was mild and clear. The children frolicked merrily among the trees in the park. The white capped nurses sat on the rustic seats here and there and watched their charges or played with the smaller children who nestled in wicker carriages with gay colored canopies.

On one of the benches not far from the entrance sat an elderly man. He was straight and square shouldered, with a white mustache and grizzled hair and a strong suggestion of early military training. He sat there because he liked to see the children at play. They were better company than his thoughts. Anyway, he had little else to do.

On this particular day he had watched the playful elves as they darted in and out among the trees until he had grown tired. The warm sun made him sleepy. His gray head slowly dropped back, his shoulders found a restful corner of the high backed seat, and presently he was soundly sleeping.

A slight concussion awakened him. He opened his eyes with a little start. The sun was peeping through the foliage, and the rays dazzled him. He tried to raise a hand to draw his soft hat over his eyes and could not. Both hands were pinioned fast. He looked down. A rope was encircling his body and holding his arms fast to his sides. He made an effort to release himself, but without success. He fancied he could sympathize with the feelings of Gulliver when he found the pygmies had caught and bound him.

Whom he had watched so many times among the trees. He was right. A child's laughter broke on his ears. His captor was close behind him. He was startled. "Aha," he said in what was intended for a very gruff voice, "are you there? Unhand me at once or tremble for the consequences!"

The cord—it was a child's skipping rope—was rapidly drawn from about his waist, and a moment later its owner danced in front of him.

She was a little girl of possibly 7, though at times her varying expressions made her seem much older. Her hair floated about her head in careless waves and tendrils, her eyes were gray deep, her mouth was small and beautifully shaped, and there was a saucy upward tilt to her short nose.

"Pooh, pooh," she said, with a mocking courtesy, "I ain't a bit afraid of you!"

"And why not?" the old man asked. She was a charming fairy, a natural little coquette, and her every move was full of a subtle grace. "And why are you not afraid of such a gray old mustache as I am?" he asked again as she prouetted before him.

"Because you are my grandfather," she calmly answered. "I know you are. The old man's face darkened.

"What do you mean by that nonsense?" he harshly asked.

"Tain't nonsense," said the little maiden, "unless grandfathers is nonsense. Anyway, you're my grandfather." And she started to leave him.

"Wait," he cried. "Come here. What did you mean by saying I am your grandfather? Do you call every old man you see grandfather?"

"No," said the child. "Only you."

He studied her face sharply. "Come," he said, "let me hear you say in coaxing tones. She marched boldly up to him. Her little hand flew up and touched the front of her cap.

"That's the way to salute a soldier," she said, with a merry laugh. "Mamma said you was one."

He caught his breath.

"Perhaps," he slowly said, "you can even tell me my name?"

"Yes, I can," replied the child. "It's easy. Your name is Phillip. An now guess what mine is."

"Is it Mary?" he gently asked.

"No," laughed the child. "That's mamma's. Mine is most like yours. It's Phillipa."

The old man was silent for a moment.

"Is your mother here, child?" he suddenly asked. "Is she lurking about among the trees?"

"Who? Do you mean mamma?" cried the child. "She isn't here. She's always too busy. Didn't you know she paints? Yes, she paints lovely little pictures. Mischief-makers she calls them. They're pictures of people, don't you know, only much prettier. But sometimes people don't pay very quick, an some-

times they think mamma charges too much, an sometimes she doesn't have any pictures to do. Then, you know, it's pretty hard to have the landlady call. I guess you know how that is."

"And where is your father?" and the old man's voice suddenly grew hard.

"He's deaded in California," said the child. "He was an actor, you know; a stage actor. I don't member him very well. I was too little when he went away. I've tried to act, too, but Della, the janitor's wife, she says I can't act for shucks."

"Good thing," muttered the old man. "Well, I don't know," said the child. "You see, I wanted to do something to help mamma, an if I can't act I don't know what I can do. But I s'pose it's no use. Della said that as a child wonder it was the worst she ever seen, an Della goes out a good deal."

A faint smile crossed the old man's stern features.

"And what made you think that I am your grandfather?" he asked.

"Oh, Marie Kramer told me!" replied the child. "She knows everybody. She's lived out more places. She's Bessie Leighton's nurse now, an just as soon as she saw you sittin here one day she said, 'There's old Colonel Robson.' She knew you 'cause you used to go to the Bronsons, where she was driv then. An pretty soon she looked at me an said, 'Why, he's your grandfather, ain't he?' An I said I didn't know, an she thought it out an said, 'Yes, he is, 'cause your mamma is his daughter, an she ran away with a play actor, an the old hunkers shut his door on her forever.' That's what Marie said. An when I went home I said to Della, 'My grandfather's sittin over there in the park, an he's the loneliest lookin thing.' An Della says: 'If he's settin in the park, he's either a tramp or a millionaire. If he's a tramp, you must keep away from him, but if he's a millionaire you want to be his in.' An when I looked at you again I saw you didn't look like a tramp, an so I thought I'd take my chances an rope you in, an that's just what I did."

"And your mother knows nothing about my being here?" the old man asked.

"Yes, she does," replied the child. "I told her, an she looked so queer, an her face got red, an she said: 'Phillipa, dear, it may not be your grandfather. But anyway you mustn't speak to him unless he speaks to you first.' An I made you speak to me first, didn't I?"

The old man leaned back and looked at the child.

"Phillipa," he said slowly, "how would you like to come and live with me? You would have your own beautiful room, and all the playthings you could want, and somebody to wait on you, and a pony to drive, and everything that could make a little girl happy."

"An would mamma come, too?" the child asked.

The old man shook his head.

"I'd like the room," said the child, "an the pony, an all the rest, but I guess I'd be too lonesome without man."

"We'd be just two lonesome ones together," said the child. Then she added, "If you knew mamma, you'd see how I'd be."

"Perhaps I am beginning to see," said the old man softly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried the child. "You can borrow me. How's that?"

"It sounds well," said the old man. "How must I set about it?"

"Oh, it's easy," replied the child. "You just come to our flat an send up your card, an then mamma will whistle down an say, 'Please come up.' Then you go up, an I'm there, an I say, 'Mr. Grandpapa, this is mamma.' Then you bow an say, 'Pleased to know you,' an mamma says, 'Where have I seen you before?' an then you say, 'Can I borrow your charmin daughter for the rest of the day? for you've come very early in the mornin, you know, an mamma says, 'Have you any curiosity for the rest—I mean for the child?' an you say, 'Oh, yes; indeed I have,' an then you put up a silver quarter for security an take me, an we go away somewhere an have a splendid time together an get home when it's real dark, an mamma is gettin fidgety. I'd like to see that house of yours an that room an those ponies. We ought to get better acquainted—we ought to, really.'"

The old man smiled at her enthusiasm. Evidently this was a delightfully original child.

"Do you think your mamma would paint my portrait?" he asked.

"She'd be real pleased to," said the child. "An I'd get the commission, too, wouldn't I? She told me if I got any orders I'd get the commission. You're my order, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the old man as he slowly arose. "Come, we will go and seek your mother. I must get that picture before I grow any older—and before your mamma's memory quite outgrows the reminiscences of her childhood. Come, Phillipa."

And hand in hand they passed down the gravelled walk and through the big gates and presently found themselves in front of the huge apartment house that the lonesome Phillipa called home.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Hungry to Study.

A certain teacher who had studied a particular bad boy from every conceivable standpoint finally found the cause of his apparent wickedness. He had been especially annoying all day, and at the close of the school the teacher sat down by him and said: "John, what is the trouble, anyway? Why is it you find it so hard to behave in school?"

Poor John, in a burst of confidence, blurted out, "It's cos I'm so derned hungry!"

Then the teacher knew that John's reformation must begin in his stomach.—Exchange.

## John W. Lowery,

424 Main Street, - - Paris, Ky.

Harness, Saddles, Whips and Blankets

Collars, Hames, Traces, Bridles, etc.

Special attention given to repair work. All work done when promised, and satisfaction guaranteed.

## JOHN W. LOWERY,

Opp. Fair Store.



## Furnishing A House!

YOU MAY BE  
SURPRISED!

If you have never looked through our immense stock, to know that we furnish houses complete from the kitchen to the front hall.

We can tell you exactly what it all ought to cost, what you may make it cost, and the very least it can be made to cost.

## A. F. WHEELER'S

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

SIMMS BUILDING, MAIN STS.,

PARIS, KY.

## STACY ADAMS SHOES

AT COST.

\$3.95. \$3.95. \$3.95.

I have a limited number of the celebrated STACY, ADAMS SHOE, the best shoe made, all sizes, in Tans and blacks, Kangaroo, Box Calf, Russia Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Leather in Lace and Button. These shoes are regular \$5 and \$6 grades. I am making a run on them for Cash only at

\$3.95. \$3.95. \$3.95.

GEORGE McWILLIAMS.

MAIN STREES. NIPPERT BLOCK.

All accounts due first of each month.

## Economy is The Road

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DOWN TO ST. LOUIS

NEW THINGS EVERY DAY  
IN STAPLE AND FANCY...

Croceries, Fruits,  
Canned Goods,  
Fine Candies and Nuts.

We will have Turkeys, Cranberries, Oysters, Celery, and and everything that goes to make a good Christmas Dinner. Call us up. 'Phone 11.

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CELEBRATED

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STOVE.

## Winn & Lowry.

FOR

FIRST-CLASS  
SERVICE

SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

## Bourbon

## Laundry Co.</